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Puck

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OFFICE No 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



TRUE INWARDNESS FOR UTAH.

H. W. B. sees by the *Herald* that Brigham Young leaves no successor, and promptly strikes for Salt Lake City, leaving Brooklyn disconsolate.

OFFICE OF PUCK 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST. N.Y.

MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN

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Editor "Puck",
13 North William St., New York.

THE DEATHBED.

THE sorrow of wronged women, as he lay
Dying, stood like a ghost beside his bed;
And righteous jealousy uncomfited:
And Pity that waxed cold and looked away:
Desire grown miserable and old and gray:
Envy and Hate on either side his head;
And with white face, more terrible than the
dead,
Love stood anear, and found no word to say.

And among these Death found him, who had
built.

A city of shame for a plague-spot in the wild,
That waxed strong on blood of strangers spilt,
And treachery, and womanhood defiled,
"God, as I lust!" that said; "not as Thou
wilt!"

Unnatural-born and foul, a leperous child.

CREEDMOOR.

A FEW years ago shooting at a target at long range was a thing almost unknown in this country. Our cousins in Great Britain, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, regularly matched themselves against each other, and made scores at which we unpracticed Americans marvelled greatly. Was it really possible to make a bull's-eye at a distance of a thousand yards? *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* Our boys tried, and with admirable weapons of American manufacture found themselves marksmen, aye, and better marksmen, too, than their transatlantic brethren. Irish, Scotch, and Australian, were not slow to measure themselves against the "Yankees," as they are accustomed to call us—with a result eminently satisfactory to ourselves, but scarcely so to our opponents. Now a representative team from England, that is to say, Great Britain, with a real live baronet at its head, and all the prestige of that powerful empire, throws down the gauntlet to us at the butts. Gladly we accept it—and, before another week has passed over our heads, the champions of Wimbledon will have proved, or disproved, the right of our marksmen to be called champions of Creedmoor. *Palmar qui meruit ferat,* say we. If the Englishmen are to snatch from us our well-earned laurels we shall cheerfully submit, and hope that another opportunity may soon be afforded our marksmen of recovering them.

But, apart from whatever the result of the friendly competition may be, we are unaffectedly glad to see our British visitors. We trust that they will thoroughly enjoy themselves, and carry away pleasing remembrances of their stay in this country. As a matter of course, and as befits the avowed purpose of our columns and character of our paper, we have attempted some jokes on the subject, both with pen and pencil, which, of course, will be justly appreciated by our distinguished visitors, and the readers of Puck.

EXIT BRIGHAM YOUNG.

THERE is grief in the house of Young.

The widows of Brigham are loud in their wail
And mourning is hung in the Tabernacle.

For he has departed this life, has gone the way of all flesh. Although a Mormon and a prophet at that, he was not superior to the little formality that nature claims. No more can a damsel, that may be fair to look upon, stand a chance of fascinating and being sealed unto the great Brigham. His death cannot fail to have a disturbing effect on the Mormon system. Who will succeed him? Is there anybody of sufficiently powerful influence to exercise the requisite authority over the people who hung upon Brigham's words and submitted cheerfully to his commands, however unreasonable they might be.

The sons of Young are quite out of the question, they are considered apostates, and the succession of either of them to sway the fortunes of the mormon people is almost impossible. Where then shall we look for a man qualified by nature to lead the muchly married community, who can administer to them spiritual comforts, and tell them how to live on bread and water for a dollar a day? Need we say to Brooklyn, to Plymouth Church, to Henry Ward Beecher?

Yes, the great preacher is well-fitted to fill the vacant chair of the lamented Brigham. He is younger than the dead prophet, he has the *suaviter in modo*, while not wanting in the *fortiter in re*. There is no doubt in our minds that he will be enthusiastically welcomed by all the Mesdames Youngs, and the young and old Youngs—and the sorrow of the afflicted wives, who at present refuse to be comforted, will be turned into unmixed joy when the news reaches them that Mr. Beecher has resolved to be a second husband to them, although we fear that certain circles in Brooklyn will suffer by his departure for fresh woods and pastures new.

Puckerings.

A SEWING-MACHINE agent out in Frankfort, Ky., last week, was killed by a tornado. But it was a deaf tornado.

THE various green fruits are rapidly yielding to the innocuous sweet-potato, and the undertaker and the paragrapher find their occupation gone.

It is authoritatively denied that the ranks of the book-agents are to be reinforced by the enlistment of a lady well known throughout the country for her phenomenal volubility—oh! Miss Hamilton—please, don't—honest injun, we didn't mean you, ma'am!

AND now they say that none of Brigham's widows are good-looking. That's taking a mean advantage of the Prophet's death. No one had the courage to make that remark while the old Mormon was alive.

DOM PEDRO is still loafing about Europe with one boiled shirt done up in a brown paper parcel. This is what the papers call "republican simplicity," and "traveling incognito." But when the old gentleman slips out of the hotel after dinner and goes snooping around alone, and comes back at half-past-twelve o'clock, with a strange tendency to sleep in his boots, Mrs. Pedro says there's a good deal too much republican simplicity and incognito about the business to suit her.

A weekly paper for the young advertises: "A steam engine given away to every subscriber." If this sort of thing keeps on, the small boy will begin to realize his importance, and it will require a whole elevated railway to secure his patronage.

AT a Harrison County, Kentucky, wedding the bride in a playful mood kicked the groom's hat off without touching his head. After they have been married a few years her activity will not be appeased until she has kicked his head off without touching his hat.

THIS is the time when the religious weekly, which has suspended during the summer vacation, wakes up and remarks that we all ought to be thankful for a season of especial grace, and that subscribers over six months in arrears will oblige by remitting check to order of editor.

It is now that the Boston maiden writes home from Nahant or the White Mountains: "I shall return on the half-past four o'clock train, tomorrow, to resume my studies. Get down my Emerson, and dust off my Thucydides. Please see if you can find a cheap copy of the Rig Veda anywhere, and see that you have a large plate of beans ready for me on my arrival."

IN these days cometh the rustic to the city, and he wandereth up and down the streets, and he lingereth at the door of the playhouse, yea, and he goeth in, and he gazeth on the fair maidens of the Lydia Thompson Troupe, and when he has returned to his home he confideth in no one; but he chuckleth to himself, and he saith: "I am a devil."

THE hour has arrived when the eligible youth at Saratoga and Newport grows wary, and steels his nerves and avoids being drawn into dark corners of the piazza, and ceases to take any interest in the moon, and when Clarinda's mama remarks that he is "so different from the generality of young men!" confines himself to murmuring interrogatively, "ya-as?"

ACCORDING to scientific records, Greek and Latin quotations are fast dying out. This may be so; but when the remarks of an American congressman are reported in the next days' papers, with promiscuous dashes running through promiscuous places, who shall deny that these are classic citations which the ignorance of the stenographer has failed to grasp? And who says they shall not endure forever?

THE wise manager respecteth the pride of the deadhead, and puncheth a small hole in the extreme corner of his pasteboard; but the foolish manager humiliateth the man on the free-list, and galleth his spirit with clip-tickets and complimentary cards; and thereby he getteth not the gay and festive notice.

It was just on this very same day of the year, 2011 years ago, that Socrates met Pythagoras beneath the leaden skies of autumn, and remarked:

"This is tough. Watermelons are aliunde, and we shan't strike the small boy who goes skating and slides to heaven through an ice-hole, for a good two months yet."

"Yes," said Pythagoras, with that dignified calm which always distinguished him, "we shall have to fall back on Cronin and Henry Clay Dean, or let up on the paragraphing business."

Then they matched pennies for drinks, and Pythagoras led the way to the cave where the lager flowed.

BULL'S-EYE BRITONS.

INTERVIEW WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE
BRITISH RIFLE-TEAM.

WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY.

HOW THEY SAID IT.

FULL REPORT.

GARDEN CITY, L. I., Sept. 4, 1877.

PUCK'S reporter, dispatched to interview the members of the British rifle-team recently arrived in this country, found them seated on the piazza of the Junior Grand Union Hotel at Garden City, practicing, at extremely short range, on the mosquitoes. On stating his errand, he was received with great cordiality by the British visitors, who expressed themselves highly delighted with their reception in this country. Before they could take rooms at Garden City, they were obliged to procure certificates from the British consulate to prove their pure Christianity, and had some trouble about getting rooms for one of their members, who happened to have been born of a Presbyterian family, but with a hook in his nose. But in all other respects they had a very pleasant time—barring the mosquitoes.

They barred them with gauze netting.

After some conversation with the British riflemen, who, one and all, expressed their eagerness for the fray, PUCK's representative proceeded to interview, in formal style, the baronet captain of the team,

SIR HENRY HALFORD.

"Ah," said the PUCK representative, as he tenderly embraced Sir Harry, "I'm very glad to see you again, old man." (We may here remark that all of the staff of PUCK are personally acquainted with the peers, baronets, knights and landed gentry of Great Britain.) "I hope all the Leicestershire folks are well, and that your elegant estate at Wistow is as beautiful as ever?"

"It bean't any wus than when you was there," answered the dignified baronet, as he took a large chew of pigtail tobacco, a habit he had acquired in his yachting experiences in the English Channel.

"If I am not egregiously misinformed, Sir Harry, I believe you are rather something of a shootist?"

"Oh, ah, I'm a bit of a dab at it. I can lick any of you blasted Yankees holler, or my name ain't 'Arry 'Alford," and the high-toned baronet immediately began an active search for a flea which had just jumped into his Blucher boots. "Blast yer 'orrid hinsex; I never seed sich varmint nowhere."

The PUCK man admitted that the United States in general and Long Island in particular had drawbacks, but he said:

"As you, Sir Harry, are an undoubted authority on shooting and small bores, I would like your views with respect to Eli Perkins."

"Perkins—Perkins—I think I've 'erd that name before. Oh! ah! Barclay & Perkins's porter. I could put a pot away now if it wasn't too 'orridly 'ot to drink anything so 'eavy."

"Pardon me, Sir Harry, I mean Eli—Eli Perkins—the American Munchausen."

"No! I don't know none of them furriners."

"Then perhaps you can give me your opinion of the platform of the Maine Democratic Convention, General Howard's campaign against the Nez Perces, the position taken by Mr. Alonzo Cornell, of pool selling; on races and of George W. Blunt."

SIR HARRY.—"I ain't in want of no blunt."

PUCK MAN.—"Do you, from personal observation, apprehend any additional opposition to John Kelly and Tammany?"

SIR HARRY.—"Wot very hodd questions you ask a feller. I don't know nothing about them things."

The PUCK representative cordially thanked Sir Harry for the new and brilliant light he had thrown on various important subjects by his lucid answers to the questions, and then proceeded to tackle

LIEUT. COLONEL C. LENOX PEEL,

of the Scots' Fusileer Guards.

"Colonel," said the PUCK man, "I guess you Britishers feel yourselves pretty considerably chawed up in this almighty, all-fired great country."

The Colonel, who was apparently deeply interested in one of the *World's* scholarly articles, looked up, stuck his eye-glass in his eye and remarked:

"Aw."

"I mean," continued the PUCK representative, "that westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

"Aw."

"I am glad we agree on that point; but, by the way, how's Victoria, and has Beatrice got a fellow yet? If not, I don't mind going in for her myself. I'm not proud, there's nothing mean about me."

"Aw," said the Colonel in a tone of conviction.

There is hope for the country yet, so long as we have such distinguished visitors as the British team, who are so ready to impart valuable information, and an enterprising PUCK to give it to the universe without extra charge.

PUCK's representative next sought out

MR. RIGBY,

and the following conversation took place:

CORRESPONDENT.—"Mr. Rigby, I understand you are a marksman?"

MR. RIGBY.—"I am, sir."

CORR.—"You are certain of that?"

MR. R.—"I am."

CORR.—"You are willing to make affidavit that you are strictly a Mark's man, and don't belong to any of the other evangelists?"

MR. R.—"S'help me—"

Here Mr. Rigby suddenly checked himself, and with an anxious glance at the gentlemanly but Hiltonian hotel-clerk, who was standing near by, took occasion to assert his adherence to the true faith by appropriate profanity.

CORR.—"Mr. Rigby, are you prepared to swear that you could hit a barn-wall at a distance of ten feet?"

MR. RIGBY.—"I am, sir."

CORR.—"You could hit it?"

MR. R.—"Yes."

CORR.—"Have you ever done so?"

MR. R.—"I cannot say that I have ever actually performed the feat, but—"

CORR.—"Ah, I thought we should get something out of you before long, sir. Now, then, Mr. Rigby, can you affirm on your oath that you have ever seen a gun?"

MR. R.—"A what?"

CORR.—"A gun. I see you are unfamiliar with the name."

MR. R.—"Not at all, sir. I have seen a gun. In fact, I own a gun."

CORR.—"You would know a gun if you saw it?"

MR. R.—"I should, sir."

CORR.—"You could distinguish it if you saw it alongside of a handsaw?"

MR. R.—"I think I could, sir."

CORR.—"If I gave you a gun now, would you know how to take care of it?"

MR. R.—"I think I should."

CORR.—"You would not try to eat it, or play circus with it, would you?"

MR. R.—"No."

CORR.—"Do you know the difference between a bull's-eye and the Babylonian Hierarchy?"

MR. R.—(cautiously,) "If there is any, I do."

CORR.—"Did you ever shoot the hat?"

MR. R.—"Never."

CORR.—"Did you ever see an oyster walk up-stairs?"

MR. R.—(guardedly,) "Not to my remembrance."

CORR.—"Are you going to say beer?"

MR. R.—(decidedly,) "No."

Finding Mr. Rigby uncommunicative, PUCK's correspondent interviewed

MR. FERGUSON.

The "canny Scot" was found in the hotel dining-room, analyzing a sample of American hash, to find out wherein it differed from the Scotch *haggis*. The principal points of variation, as far as discovered, were the presence of suspender-buttons, shoe strings and minced sole-leather, and the entire absence of anything that might be construed as baldness. In these particulars the native article had the call over its Highland rival.

"Mr. Ferguson," inquired the reporter, jumping at once to his subject, "how are you?"

Mr. Ferguson declined to commit himself further than by remarking:

"A have nae reason t'oopbraid Provedence."

"Do the mosquitoes trouble you, Mr. Ferguson?"

"I dinna fash mysel' about the wee bit beasties," replied the gentleman addressed.

"How do you sleep at night?" asked the interviewer.

"On ma back," Mr. Ferguson replied.

"I don't mean that," explained PUCK's reporter.

"Canna ye say what ye mean?" asked Mr. Ferguson.

"Mr. Ferguson, is it true that when home in Scotland you wear a tartan plaid and a kilt, and dispense with trowsers, and talk Gaelic, accompanying yourself on the bagpipe?"

"It tak's a fule to speer a fule's way," was Mr. Ferguson's unsatisfactory response.

"There are many imputations against your countrymen on the score of cleanliness, as perhaps you know, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Ou, ay, so 'a'm tell't," said the member from Edinburgh.

"Is there any ground for these imputations?"

"Weel, 'a canna joost say if there's any groond; boot gin there is, ye could vara soon scrape it aff."

"Is it true that all Scotchmen go down to Portobello once a year to bathe?"

"Ay," said Mr. Ferguson, "but ye must na joodge by my mon Sandy. He did na get doon last year."

"What is your favorite position when shooting?" asked the reporter, changing the subject.

"Weel, 'a joost scroonch the boott 'o th' wee-pin twixt ma two cauves, an' haud her moozzle abuve ma noddle, an' let her gang."

"Can you drink, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Ah, can 'a, joost!"

"Will you drink, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Ah noo, ye're shoutin'!" cried the genial Highlander, clapping PUCK's man on the back, "why did na ye coom to the point a bit suner, ma boy?"

"What will you have?" inquired the PUCK reporter.

"Whushkey and water, hot!" yelled Mr. Ferguson, elate, "an' may the ties that bind the seester neshuns be grippit tighter, an'—whoop, mon, what a dee we havin'!"

TELEPHONOGRAMS.

LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

FROM PUCK'S SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT.

THE STRUGLE IN THE BALKANS.

Russian Camp, Shipka Pass.

By particular request of the Czar and Sultan I've just been taking a drive through the Pass to see how things really are. I send you a few sketches, illustrative of life in the respective camps.



Corporal Broadgrinovitch of the Train-Oil-koff Fusileers on out-post duty. He smiles and, following the example of Hayes, offered me most cordially his hand to shake.

Broadgrinovitch will be observed enjoying his lunch—really capital fare—tallow candle with long wick.



He relished it so much that he felt supremely happy, and broke out in the well known national war song: "Awfullykoff Awfulovitch."

"Now, could I drink hot blood, do such deeds, ect., and swallow a Turk, slippers, fez, and all just like this—said Broadgrinovitch—if he'd let me."

I then made for the Turkish Camp.

Was of course received, but not with open arms by Private Harem Scaremus, who was



sitting on a chilled shot to keep cool; he couldn't help glaring at me.

By giving the leg of a tough chicken out of my haversack I propitiated him, and he looked jolly once more.

He felt drowsy, and went to sleep with his mouth open, and dreamt "of breaches, ambuscadoes" ect., then his dogs barked and he thought the Russians were upon him, and he said:



"By the beard of the prophet, I'll swallow the first one that approaches, although he is an unclean animal."

I didn't wait to see him do it, but I took a sketch of the threatened proceeding.

I dined with Suleiman Pasha in the evening.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

I HAD wooed her, softly wooed her,
All that glorious summer day,
And with flowers of fancy strewed her
Sweet and virtuous way;
But my passionate advances,
All my tender, amorous glances
Were unheeded, and my chances
I felt gliding fast away.

If my love were lost forever,
Ne'er my heart could more rejoice,
And I made one last endeavor
To decide her choice:

"Lustrous maid, with eyes of fire,
Kindling love and love's desire,
Teach me how to draw thee nigher,
Thrill me with thy wondrous voice."

Fortune, then propitious beaming,
Stirred her heart and loosed her tongue,
On her lips, half waking—dreaming,
Eagerly I hung;
Would I coldly be refused here?—
And into my much-abused ear
She breathed low, "I've got the blues, dear,"—
Words of pearls her fancy strung!

Sentiment, thou arch perplexer,
Passion, plaything of the soul,
Speech, thou mind and moral vexer,
Where is your control?
When man's heart for woman's yearning
Seeks to speak in accents burning,
Can his eloquence or learning
Bring him nearer to his goal?

Woman's love is strange and moody,
Strange, too, are the whims she serves;
Though man were most knowing, could he
Trace her nature's curves?
Let me caution each beginner,
Whether sage or saint or sinner,
That the only way to win her
Is to watch and woo—her nerves.

SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

WHAT HE KNEW ABOUT CALIFORNIA.

A TOURIST recently arrived from California thus mentions the varied attractions of that State:

"Yes, it is a wonderful country—wonderful—wonderful! Tarantulas big as a pullet's eggs, black, hairy—legs all around them, to crawl over you at night. Big trees—enormous—centipedes, every leg a sting, stinging while they crawl over you—fifty legs—make 5000 stings while they crawl over your leg. Enormous crops of grain—when they get 'em—once in two or three years. Wind in San Francisco? Blows a gale every summer-day, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon. Sand and desert? No. Grit, gravel, and pebble-stones; and as for sand alone—pure sand—it drifts four feet deep over the pavements and covers lamp-posts. Yo Semite? Grand, sublime, and a half-dollar toll every 40 rods. Rattlesnakes? Long ones in the mountains, short ones on the plains—short and thick—look like Bologna sausages, and lying by dozens about the puddles. Country parched and dry as a brickbat in summer—no sod—no grass—and hot? Cook an egg out of doors anywhere. Cool in San Francisco? Yes; too cool half the time for comfort—and fog every day, morning and night—fog thick, damp, nasty, and clammy. Scorpions in the country—sting with their tails—feels like a yard of red-hot knitting-needle run through you—they get into your boots at night, and start you out of them on the double-quick in the morning. Yes, delightful country: so

much that is new to see, feel, and think about all the time—especially feel. There's the yellow-jacket, a cross between the wasp and bumble-bee—settles on the table while you're eating—bores holes in a beef-steak, and carries off half-an-ounce at a load, and stings like fury if interrupted. Stocks—mining stocks? Yes. People are frequently bitten by them awfully—half the cases are fatal. Such a variety of the works of Nature in California. Mosquitoes? Yes. Going by river to Stockton or Sacramento clouds on clouds of them. Verdure in the country? Yes. Poison-oak—touch it and your head swells to the size of a peck-measure, with pimples and the itch. Great country for putting a head on you, you know. Old Californian? Old miner and 'Forty-niner? Grand, noble, generous, large-hearted Western man? Yes. Always drinks when asked—lives much of the time in saloons—trousers ten years old, tied about the waist with rope-yarn—hat no rim, not much crown—came round the Horn in '49, hasn't washed himself since—lives in a cabin hard-by, 9x18, on salt pork and flour—gray shirt, never washed—can talk of nothing else but the 'ounce a day he made in the winter of '50—splendid type of manhood—and smells like a distillery. Wonderful country—garden of the earth—everybody calling out for 'Eastern capital' to come and develop our mines. Dust on roads? Yes, much fine dust, red like pulverized brickbats. Land of gold, and everybody ready to take your greenbacks. Live there? Yes—when I can't live anywhere else—good place to send men when they die, to punish them for their sins."

Answers for the Anxious.

CHRIS.—We will not.

ROCHESTER.—Go to Halifax.

HASELTINE.—She will try to.

J. LATHROP J.—We had rather communicate directly with your friend.

PONY.—When you get to be a full schooner, try again with your paragraphs.

WILLIAM LILLY.—Do you take us for the *Ledger*? Don't come to us with your candy-pull questions.

LEONAINIE.—We're not made of 'bloomy moonshine,' and we fail to drop, as it were, to your poem.

G. G. R.—Your great grandfather was no doubt a very respectable man, but would he had died before he married your charming grandmother. We have read your poem.

FRANCIS.—Oh, that we lived in the days of the rack, and were a lord of the manor and you our vassal, and you undertook to send us such a contribution as "Digging Potatoes!"

JACINTO.—You still live? We had hoped—indeed we had hoped that you had long since passed sweetly and quietly into the Summer Land, taking your poems with you. Why don't you do it now, Jacinto? The angels would like to read those poems, and we could spare 'em. Don't trouble yourself to stay here on our account, Jacinto.

ELI PERKINS.—If it were not for your wide-spread reputation for veracity, we should never believe you were the author of the following verses. There is a certain air of cacographic cussedness about them which is not at all characteristic of your dignified and graceful muse. What is the matter with the old girl? Eli, you haven't been betraying her confidence and teaching her to drink, have you? This free-and-easy kicking up of her heels is highly discreditable to her and to you. Try to calm her down with a strict course of G. W. Childs, A. M.:

OWED TO FRANKLIN STATUE.

(PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE).

Grate statur! Immense gigantic Franklin,
Made of brass! We reverential bow
And skrape, and in thy presence stand
With heads unknickered. We give the glory—praze,
And mash our high-top hats, and kry
Thy glory to you, fading STAR!

Grate noble sire! and yet of liberty a SUN
Who com'st to HERALD freedom and a press unchained—
Who took'st thy POST with patriots brave
And wrote thyself a TRIBUNE to the startled WORLD!

Thou noble ded!—and yet not ded but quick
In lasting brass—the EXPRESS image of thy anshunt self—
Immortal WITNESS of these glorious TIMES
When honest worth does not escape reward.

"ELI PERKINS."

THE BANTAM.



1. "Oh, papa! that dear little bantam of mine is over in the next yard. Mayn't I go and look for him?"



2. "No, papa, it is I who must go. I wouldn't have you hurt yourself for that horrid little wretch."



3. "Take care, Arabella, don't let him fly at your face!"



4. Come, birdie! Come, my pet! Here, pretty, pretty, pretty, chip, chip, chip!"



5. "I think I've got him now, papa!"



6. "Easy, easy! Don't frighten him, Arabella!"
[Arabella is not frightening him.]



7. "Silence?! Heavens, what can be the matter? I will go to her assistance."



8. "Here we are, papa dear!"

BAGGAGE-SMASHING.

(Boucicaulted from the New York Times.)

HOW to prevent railway porters and baggage-masters from smashing trunks is, perhaps, one of the most important and certainly one of the most difficult problems of the age. So long as the baggage-man handles trunks which can be smashed without the aid of dynamite or steam-hammers, he will continue to smash them—for, 'tis his nature to. It is in vain that sanguine men have hoped to check his devastating course by providing themselves with trunks made of boiler-iron, riveted as securely as the plates of an iron-clad. They have found to their sorrow that a trunk which is strong enough to resist the baggage-man's native resources is necessarily too heavy for use. Railway companies refuse to transport it, except at exorbitant rates, and hotel porters utterly refuse to have anything to do with it. A year or two since an unknown man, traveling on a New Jersey railway, placed nitro-glycerine in his trunk, and thereby accomplished a blessed work among the railway porters. This, however, was a mere philanthropic effort to reach the conscience of the baggage-smasher, and cannot be classed as an expedient for preserving trunks. In fact, there is very little reason to hope that an impregnable and at the same time portable trunk will ever be devised. It would probably be easier to invent a new kind of baggage-master than a trunk which could successfully defy the existing race of baggage-masters. Still, it does seem disgraceful that in this scientific age we cannot solve the problem of traveling with unsmashed trunks.

Two particularly noticeable efforts have been made in the desired direction, but, though they were extremely ingenious, neither was conspicuously successful. Some years ago a Troy man made himself a trunk of india-rubber, which was both exceedingly strong and exceedingly light. Equipped with this trunk, he started for the Catskill Mountains, and arrived at Catskill Station, on the Hudson River Railroad. His trunk was pitched out of the baggage-car with unusual violence, owing to its extreme lightness. As soon as it struck the ground it bounded twenty feet in the air, and started in a parabolic curve upon a course of terrific destruction.

It first mowed down six ladies of different sizes, and knocked a seventh through the window of a telegraph office. Returning in the opposite direction, it struck a large clergyman in the back, driving him under the feet of a spirited pair of horses, which immediately ran away; and finally it swept a small boy into the river and floated down with the tide, rolling over and over down upon the drowning small boy with every appearance of fiendish delight. Its owner naturally fled for his life, and neither he nor his trunk has ever been heard from.

Somewhat later an Illinois man, noticing that the only article which the baggage-smasher does not smash is a loaded coffin, provided himself with a coffin made of light cedar wood, furnished with nickel-plated handles, and a lid made to fasten with a lock. In this commodious receptacle he packed his quinine, his whiskey, his other paper-collar, and all the various traveling paraphernalia of an Illinoisan, and sent it under cover of night to a distant railway station. In the morning he dressed himself in black, placed a wide "weed" around his hat, and, presenting himself at the station, requested the baggage-master, with an expression of extreme woe, to check his beloved wife for Chicago. The baggage-master, though hardened by years of trunk-smashing, still retained some traces of humanity in his composition, and refrained from cursing the mourning husband, although he firmly explained to him that "dead wives couldn't be played off on him as personal baggage," and that the husband would either have "to express his good lady or to send her as special first-class freight." But the ingenious Illinoisan persisted in his demand. He told the baggage-master that he must either check those remains or be responsible for their safe-keeping until the decision of the lawsuit which he should certainly bring against the company. Alarmed by this threat, the baggage-master yielded, and checked the coffin for Chicago, while its owner went behind the freight-house and executed a wild dance of private triumph.

Twice during the journey the baggage was shifted from one car to another, and while dozens of trunks were reduced to splinters, the coffin was carried by six men with the most tender care. Its owner watched it from the window of the smoking-car, and chuckled in a delighted way that would alone have proclaimed him a happy widower. In time he reached Chicago, when doubts as to the success of his invention first began to assail him. The coffin

was brought to his hotel by a local expressman, who had been unwarily entrapped into taking the check, but who charged the owner four dollars, and compelled him to pay by threatening to carry his wife to the nearest medical college and to sell her to the students. No sooner had the expressman departed than the ingenious Illinoisan became involved in dispute with the landlord, who refused to allow the coffin to be carried up-stairs. "We can store your lady," remarked the landlord, "in the baggage-room, where she will be perfectly comfortable, but it is against our rules to allow guests to have any remains carried to their rooms." Now, the Illinoisan was anxious to get his paper-collar and his quinine, but did not dare to open his coffin in public, so he tried his utmost to coax and to bully his landlord into a departure from the rules of the house. The discussion soon attracted attention, and a coroner, who was waiting in the hotel in order to be on hand in case a few guests should be burned to death, promptly seized the coffin, and, impaneling a jury, proceeded to hold an inquest with that rapidity and energy characteristic of the Western people when brought face to face with an opportunity to obtain official fees. Great was the astonishment of the coroner and his jury when they viewed the supposed body. This astonishment on the part of the coroner himself soon gave way to anger when he reflected that he could not claim fees for holding an inquest on wearing-apparel. He relieved his mind by causing the arrest of the unhappy Illinoisan on the charge of having murdered a wife, or wives, unknown to the jury, and confiscated the coffin in part payment of the fees which he had expected to earn, and of which he considered himself defrauded.

Thus this expedient for transporting baggage in safety came to a disastrous end. Nevertheless, it was based upon the great truth that coffins are never smashed by baggage-masters, and one cannot help feeling that it deserved to succeed. It is plain, however, that the coffin can never supersede the trunk. Perhaps if trunks were to be provided with machines so contrived as to produce a sound like that of the rattle of an angry rattlesnake, and were to be labeled in large letters, "Rattlesnakes: with care," they might be handled with sufficient tenderness to permit of their reaching their destination in safety. The experiment is certainly worth a trial, and might, in the case of intemperate baggage-masters, be productive of much good.

SIGNIFICANT FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME.



IN LOVE.



ENGAGED.



MARRIED.

PUCK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the news spread through the colonies that Boston had come nobly to the front, and that, so to speak, Beans were on the warpath, there was a great deal of excitement.

Everybody felt that the time had come for decisive action, and had it not been that the supply of tea was limited, there is no saying to what lengths the spirit of patriotism might not have gone.

British tyranny trembled, and felt that if this sort of thing were allowed to go on much longer, it would need new heels.

So the English government planted troops all over the country, and particularly in Boston, where the rancor of the inhabitants was intensified by a disposition naturally sour from hereditary catarrh.

Boston not unnaturally kicked at the arrangement, which was made unnecessarily galling by the fact that she was obliged to provide quarters for her oppressors.

And it is scarcely necessary to say that the Britons, with their usual modesty and tact, always chose the fore-quarters.

The Bostonians soon began to form committees of safety. They gathered clandestinely among the clustering bean-vines, and swore that they never would be slaves.

General Gage was the officer in command of the British forces at Boston. History does not record his first name, but from his style of military operations it may be safely inferred that he was a green Gage.

It came to the ears of the sapient Gage that the patriots had collected stores of arms and ammunition, consisting of two flint-locks, a blunderbuss, a half-pound of blasting-powder, and three percussion caps, at Concord, a small but bumptious hamlet some miles from Boston.

Gage accordingly went after those stores.

His idea was to combine business with amusement. He wanted to take a little pleasure trip out into the country, and at the same time have a pretext for charging expenses to the government.

He got his little picnic.

He also got some circus thrown in.

A man named P. Revere was delegated by the patriots to give warning of the departure of the British from Boston.

Revere watched them starting out at night, and promptly mounted and rode ahead of them to notify the country people.

He rode very fast, and it is recorded that his enthusiasm was so great that he never stopped till he struck Hartford, Connecticut.

When the British troops got as far out as Lexington, a still smaller and still more bumptious hamlet than Concord, also nearer Boston, they found a small army of thirteen patriots drawn up to meet them.

With singular bad taste and vulgarity, the British officer remarked:

"Put down your arms, please, and disperse!"

One of the patriots imprudently replied to this burst of eloquence by saying, "Come off!" and calling the British officer a red-coated three-em dash.

Thereupon the minions of a remorseless despotism fired and killed seven patriots.

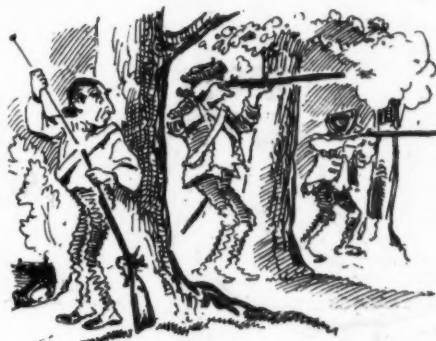
The rest went home.

The English forces then marched on to Concord and destroyed the stores.

But on attempting to return, they found a totally unexpected surprise-party prepared for them.

Several hundred valiant patriots fired on

them, having entrenched themselves behind stone-walls and apple-trees and rocks.



One patriot had even entrenched himself under the bed in the spare-room. But he did not fire, for fear of burning something, and History has so far declined to mention him.

When the British troops got back to Boston, they had passed through about ten miles of steady fusillade, and the majority of the soldiers concerned in the affray were thereafter of no particular use, except as pepper-boxes.

This was the Battle of Lexington.

When the news of this bold break for freedom, on the part of the Bostonians, was conveyed to South Carolina, the people of that State held a mass-meeting, and three cotton-planters and a buck nigger declared themselves free and independent of Great Britain.

The nigger paid for the drinks.

Thus was the Revolutionary War begun.

Immediately after the battle of Lexington, the patriots gathered in great numbers and fortified the hills around Boston, thus shutting her out from the rest of the country.

The traveler now passes the ruins of these fortifications with a sigh of regret that they should ever have been abandoned.

The British government sent over 10,000 more troops to reinforce General Gage.

But what Gage needed more than troops was a new intellectual department.

The patriots finally determined to besiege Boston, which was occupied by the British forces.

The Americans were fully organized by this time, and they placed their principal reliance on General Warren, who was, in private life, a very learned doctor—equine specialty.

On June 17th, 1775, General Warren was ordered to go in the night and fortify Bunker Hill. Owing to too much spirit of '76, however, the General went to Breed's Hill, which was not exactly the same thing, owing to a difference of location.

When Warren arrived at Breed's Hill, one of his soldiers asked him where they should begin to throw up fortifications.

His sole reply was "Hic!"

Fortunately, there were several Latin scholars present, who interpreted the ex-doctor's direction to mean "here."

In accordance with the instructions of General Warren, Breed's Hill was fortified, and earthworks were thrown up all around.

But it was not earthworks that were troubling Warren.

At break of day the British moved on the patriots. General Warren said to his men: "Wa' 'till you see—whyze—why is—whites—knew I'd get it—whites zeir ears—zen fi!"

While his men were waiting, however, the British came up the hill, and drove them away and shot Warren.

Just about here we may return on our tracks and pick up George Washington, whom we left a comparative youth, active and energetic, but not free from a suspicion of freshness.

He had, however, by this date, attained to years of discretion, and the ability to tell a lie.

We do not mean to overrate his accomplishments in this line. He was not a first-rate, artistic liar, such as we raise now-a-days. Indeed it is to be doubted if he was even fully up to the Sazerac standard. Big bouncers were generally too much for him, and it is not known that he ever did anything worthy of the name in fancy or ornamental lying. This is, it should not be forgotten, partly owing to the fact that the arabesque school of lying is of later growth, and was not greatly in vogue in Washington's days. Still, he could sling a good, plain, ordinary lie in very respectable style, and he certainly deserves great credit for thus overcoming his youthful infirmity.

So highly did the patriots assembled in the first Continental Congress think of George Washington that they made him Commander-in-chief of the American forces.

It must be understood, of course, that Washington was not required to do such lying as is now deemed necessary from a Russian or Turkish general. It was all pretty plain sailing for him.

As soon as he was appointed Commander-in-chief, Washington started for Boston. He arrived there just after the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought, which was very lucky for him, as it enabled him to tell just how he would have done it, if he had only been there.

And, as far as recorded, there was no one with sufficient moral courage to reply: "Then why the [—] weren't you here?"

Just about this time Ethan Allen took Ticonderoga.

He did not take it far away from where he found it, though.

He dropped in on Ticonderoga in the dead of night, and the officers being déshabillés, could not appear, and were obliged to draw the bed-clothes over their heads and surrender at discretion.

This is how Ethan Allen got stud-horses named after him.

In 1776, the Continental Congress met in Philadelphia:



They took rooms over a stable, and were much annoyed by flies—so much so that they were a very long time in getting a clean copy of the Declaration of Independence, owing to the clerk's having to take it down from dictation. He kept writing in all the incidental remarks of the members; said remarks being unparliamentary, to a certain extent.

But at last the great and glorious document was finished, to be a light to the nations for all time to come.

And isn't it a priceless boon?

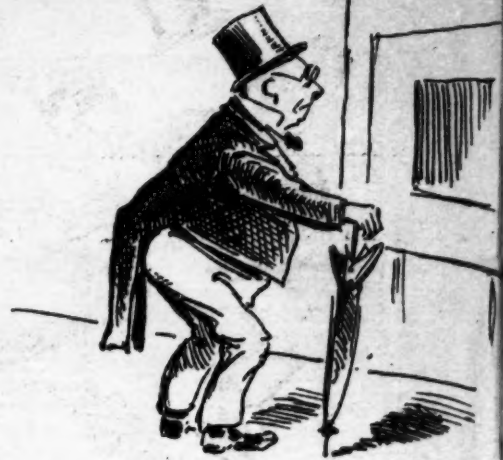
It is truly wonderful, when we reflect how firm a hold this wondrous composition has taken upon the hearts of the people. North and south, east and west, from the stormy Atlantic to the placid Pacific—in every town—in every cottage—it is as familiar in the mouth as household words. Old age remembers it, and tender infancy learns it by heart. We doubt if there is a school-boy in the land who does not know as he knows his alphabet those sublime words:

"Now I lemme down to sleep."

(To be continued.)



First Meeting - Exchange of Shots



He wanted to find out 'jest where that last shot hit



Diagram of Beecher's Misses.



NOTICE to the PUBLIC! - "When Goggles shoots, clear the field!"



Grand Parting

UCK.



who hit.' and he did.



HITTING the Bull's EYE.

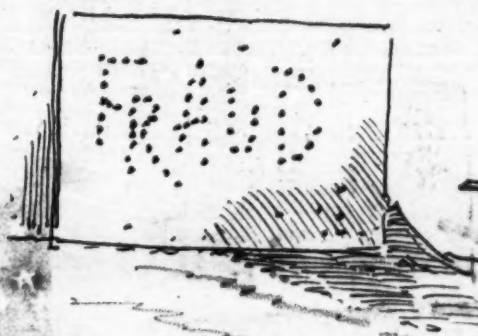


Diagram of Dana's Scoring.



Salute.



How Slimkins happened to miss the Target.

THE MINSTRELS.



THE MINSTRELS have
come back to town,
And brought us back
once more
The agile Ethiopian
clown,
The jest we loved of
yore,
The music of "de cotton
groun"
In the days "befo' de
war."
A thought of fond, fami-
liar days
Steals softly o'er our
sense:
Sets memory wandering
in strange ways
Through years—ah,
long flown hence,
When the End-man rises
up, and says:
"What am de differ-
ence—?"

We list—that Fly is not yet dead,
In spite of doubt or scoff—
Not flown away, nor married—
Who sits a long way off,
That the Bones may see him scratch his head,
And the Tambo hear him cough.

An odor of respect well won,
Of undisputed truth,
Hangs round each jest, turned gray, as one
Long outgrown giddy youth—
Though more there lurks of roaring fun
In pulling of a tooth.

Dear genii of the calcined cork,
Knights of the musty jest,
Fresh come from Cincinnati's pork—
From summering in the west—
Long may we have you in New York,
Ere Death pulls down your vest.



THE UNDRESSED DRAMA.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5th, 1877.

Dear Puck:

It doesn't much matter whether you call it spectacle or burlesque. When it comes it brings blondes with it, more or less devoid of clothing.

In spectacle an attempt is made to hide unadorned loveliness amid scenic splendors. In burlesque they try to drown it in puns and rhymes.

But in neither case is the attempt a success. The throng that is lured to either a burlesque or spectacle finds its chief magnet in the afore-said loveliness, unadorned.

I have never had much respect for the spectacular drama, from a literary standpoint, and, at best, only tolerated it on account of its usefulness as a vehicle for the introduction of glitter and tights.

But I have a great respect for burlesque, in

fact, so great a respect for true and legitimate burlesque that I feel indignant when I see its purposes perverted by the foisting of undressed blondes upon the public, with the claim that they are the only requisite for this branch of theatric art.

Lydia Thompson is again among us with a troupe of alleged beauties. Some of them can sing, and some can dance.

Most of them content themselves with standing around, pictures of inanity, while the fair Lydia cavorts and tries to kick up her heels with the grace and precision of bygone years.

There is very little attempt at humor in the present "Lydia Thompson Burlesque Company."

What little attempt there is doesn't get much further than an attempt.

When an English actor isn't naturally funny, there is nothing sadder to behold than his efforts to be funny.

It is not just towards the art of burlesque to give exhibition of promiscuous idiocy and call it by a name it is not entitled to.

A burlesque is supposed to be an amusing satire on something serious.

These undressed blondes—fresh imported for the purpose of exhibition—may be an amusing satire on something, but I have been unable to discover on what, unless it be mankind in general—which is too vast a field to be dealt with in a two hours' entertainment.

Ordinarily there is a good low comedian at the head of the company, who has to atone by his genuine humor for all the feebler attempts by the rest of the company.

A few years ago Harry Beckett was the Thompsonian comedian.

This year they haven't any—and there is a lack of mirth that is simply mournful.

I will not insult the managerial intelligence by supposing that Mr. Fred Marshall is intended as a substitute for Mr. Beckett.

I suppose, though, it is expected that Mr. Willie Edouin will answer all purposes. He flings himself about with a most accommodating recklessness—and he twists himself into shapes that are well-nigh heartrending. All of which shows a commendable desire on Mr. Edouin's part to make himself useful as a member of the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Company.

But a contortionist, though he serves his purpose in a play, will not atone for the absence of a comedian.

And the second-best part, though it be padded to an enormous extent, still remains the second-best part.

This was most painfully visible in "Blue Beard," when Willie Edouin played the *Corporal*, and Marshall played the title-role. If *Blue Beard* had been well-played, the *Corporal* would have been enjoyable in his proper place; but the *Corporal's* desperate efforts to become the central object of interest, coupled with *Blue Beard's* dearth of humor, made both characters tiresome.

Lydia Thompson herself, aside from claims of personal beauty, she being the handsomest blonde of the company, possesses something like an idea of burlesque. She seems to realize that the absence of dress will not entirely atone for the absence of fun.

But none of the other lady-members do. For which reason the term "burlesque company" is a misnomer.

If the Undressed Drama were an established branch, the present Lydia Thompson troupe, criticized from that standpoint, could be found not altogether unworthy.

I shall hail with much pleasure the advent of burlesque wherein author and actor combine in travestie—unpinioned by rhymes, tights, and puns.

But this will require a company of real

comedians of both sexes, redolent with innate humor.

Something after the style of French opera-bouffists. But until the arrival of English bouffes-talent, don't give us the Undressed Drama and call it burlesque.

Don't make pretty young ladies sing sentimental ballads in very short skirts, simply because they have good voices and the time occupied by their song helps to fill out the evening's entertainment.

Miss Alice Burville, of the Thompson troupe, has a very charming voice. That is her only claim to artistic recognition.

But the introduction, for her benefit, of Hervé's song, "I am complete," however well rendered, is totally at variance with the true spirit of burlesque.

This inconsistency seems to be totally disregarded by managers of burlesque shows, and until they can be made to understand that we have the same right to expect a story in a burlesque as in a drama or a farce, and that exaggeration does not mean extraneous idiocy, we may hope for no nearer approach to real burlesque than the "Undressed Drama" affords.

Perhaps, while we are on the subject, the question would not be inappropriate: How would it do to recognize the "Undressed Drama" as a form of art?

Well, in that case we should have to class "Mazeppa," "Godiva," and the classic tableaux, among all the rest, and there is no telling what complications might ensue.

But, on the other hand, it would present an agreeable antithesis to the "Overdressed Drama," that now flourishes triumphantly, with fresh debutantes hovering over all theatrical regions, ready to drop upon us without a moment's warning, with dresses made by Worth, and guaranteed to lift anybody who wears them right into the heart of dramatic glory.

And there's Mrs. Florence, doing the "Overdressed Drama" in the "Mighty Dollar," as *Mrs. General Gilflory*, at an expense of so many thousands that I grow pale in calculation.

All of which expense is avoided by the "Undressed Drama," and whether the one or the other—

But I am getting confused between the two. Let the public choose which they prefer.

Perplexedly yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P.S.—Possibly the ladies will vote one way, and the gentlemen the other. That's their own affair. The cause of art is only a minor consideration after all.

S. D.

2d P.S.—All that I ask is, that the Undressed Drama be not called burlesque, for I have an affection for that word which will not permit of the outrage.

S. D.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

ANNA DICKINSON will whoop it up to *Lady Macbeth* this season.

MR. DALY's company threw light on "The Dark City," last night.

"PINK DOMINOS" still keep everything *couleur de rose* at the Union Square.

THE "CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN" got his opening at the Park, on Monday night.

THE coroner's verdict on "Seraphine," in Chicago, was, "died of too much hayseed."

THE Londoners wouldn't have George Fawcette Rowe in "Brass." They hup and 'issed 'im, yer know.

GILMORE is having his grand blow-out up at the Garden, and raking in the shekels for his trip to Europe.

DI MURSKA is soon to return to New York, to recommence her customary circus on the chromatic scale.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG goes to San Francisco September 10th, to warble in strictly American style.

THE PHILADELPHIA *Saturday Evening Mirror* will bloom out hereafter with a new head-piece as the *Dramatic and Musical Mirror*.

THE "KERRY GOW" horse, supported by Mr. Murphy, has departed to fresh fields and pastures new, and Chanfrau's "Kit" has taken his place at the Grand Opera House.

BUSINESS is bad in Kalamazoo. And now the "local amateur talent" will waltz to the front and show 'em how to play "Richelieu" and "Hamlet," and a few other trifles.

THERE is quarreling over the "Midgets." Mr. Meade says he owns them, but Mr. Frank Uffner has put them in his vest-pocket, and says he means to show that mite is right.

AIMEE is here, charming as ever, and ready for fresh triumphs at the New Broadway, but slightly subdued in spirits, owing to the death of her famous pet dog. It is in Didi loss.

ALL too soon the radiance of "Pink Dominos" will be withdrawn from the Union Square, and Oil City will take the place of Cremorne, when the Williamsons open in "Struck Oil."

"UNDER THE WILLOWS" will be put on the stage of the Lyceum on Sept. 10th, with the Wallers and Mr. Ed. Thorne in the leading parts. Which looks well for "Under the Wilows."

MISS KATE CLAXTON will be supported in her next starring tour by Miss Lillian Cleves. Miss Claxton scorns the assistance of the wily manager, and proposes to take care of herself this year.

THE BRITISH BLONDES will illumine "Robinson Crusoe" next after "Oxygen," and we shall see how the hero of our boyhood's days looks in fascinating fleshings and a jaunty white fur coat. Willie Edouin will be the *Friday*.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN OF THE PRESS.—When you see a young, pretty and promising actress who needs a notice, go to her and say: "You need a notice." Moreover, let her need it. It is the only safe thing you can do under the circumstances.

THE FLORENCES will produce, during their present engagement, their new play by Paul Merritt, re-written by Julian Magnus. It was originally called "Rough and Ready." The play is Ready, and it is Rough on the punsters that the name has been changed.

We have great hopes of Mr. Joaquin Miller as a dramatist. The Boundless and Illimitable has been caught stealing from Helen's Babies Habberton. Now that he has struck the true Boucicault idea so early in the day, we have no hesitation in predicting his future greatness.

THE SAN FRANCISCO critics are at daggers drawn with the actors, and at latest reports, the actors were weakening. One young lady in the soubrette line has had considerable trouble in denying a malicious rumor that she had claimed to have the entire press of 'Frisco in her little pocket.

As it seems to be the correct thing for every properly dramatic column to make some reference to Miss Imogene, the talented young natural actress, we hereby mention the young lady. We do not know what to say about her, but we don't mind stating, at a venture, that she is starring, supported by R. Dorsay Ogden.

THIS is the time when the provincial manager puts a streak of salmon-colored paint around the panels of his proscenium boxes, and announces that his theatre is being "renovated and redecorated in a style of lavish splendor."

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

XXIV.

NEWPORT—II.



Ya-as, yer see I've not dwagged myself away from this aw wesort yet; and, by Jove, I think there must be a gweat number of other places which are more unendurwable than aw Newport. A fellow can soon see everyt'ing, but still there is varwiety, and varwiety is aw something or other. The pwincipal dwives and woads in Newport are called avenues—some fellows call them avnyers. Stwange, there should be such a difference in pwonunciation of words. Bellevue Avenue is the favorwite dwive—it sometimes weminds me, just a twifle, yer know, of the Wow—I mean Wotten Wow. I've met severwal fellows I've seen or heard of befaw. Aw Dunraven took a wun up he-ah—wather good sort of fellow. It's doosid gwatifying to meet a fellow in Amerwica who can weally understand a fellow. There is a Bwedish navy fellow he-ah who has something to do with our Minister to Amerwica. He is a staff-commander, or a navigating lieutenant, or a captain, his name is aw Smith, Bwown, Jones, or Wobinson. I wather think it's Jones. I ought to wemember, for my uncle, when he was first lord of the admirwalty pwocured him the appointment. But I don't care much for navy fellows. I class them with the infantw and the junior bar. My young bwother Fwed is a specimen. They never get out of their gunwoom fwolics, and aw wollicking style. Can't stand it, yer know—do verwy well aboard a yacht—perhaps useful there. Of course Amerwican navy fellows are wather worse, and I'm not surprised, as they have to be bootblacks befaw they can weceive a commission—how verwy queer. Jack says the Amerwicans havn't a navy—Jack's generwally wight—and I think, if there isn't one, its verwy ungentelemanly for a lot of admirwals, and other fellows he-ah, to tell me they belong to the Amerwican navy.

Field-Marshal Kane is he-ah, same fellow who used to dwive regwlarly to aw Wonkahs, and a fellow, who keeps a tobacconist's shop in New York—Lollypop, or Lollypork, or Lollilard, they call him. You see, a fellow can't weally keep away fwom twadespeople if he wants to be agweecable at all. A family named Castor invited Jack and me to a ball. These people have a gweat many gweenbacks and aw severwal miles of pwoperty, but some time ago used to sell wetail, muffs and cuffs, and other fur arwangements. Another wich fellow, Funny-blake, or Funnybuilt, has something to do with wailways. He's not verwy good form, but thinks he's a d-d-devil of a fellow because he's wich; but that sort of thing won't do, yer know, and I naturwally patwonzize him. His father, or gwandfather, some fellows say, was an ordinary seaman, or coal twimmer, aboard some aw steamaw—verwy inferwior people. A wich inn-keeper's widow, and her decent-looking daughter, will attwact some attention when they arwive he-ah. Fellows talk about the two now, and Jack says that Wales used to notice them in London. That aw isn't much wecommendation. The girl, they say, has got hold of a fellow in our set at home; sorwy to hear it, but this sort of thing can't be pwevented.

I find that some people he-ah are not as wespectable as I thought—some are aw gweat cads and wubbish—but still a fellow can manage to amuse himself comfortably—although now I feel that I'd like to be aw at home having a cwack at the gwouse and partwidges.

THE FLORENCES.

THE MIGHTY DOLLAR.

"THE MIGHTY DOLLAR" is upon us again, as appalling as ever in its superbly extravagant audacity. Three years ago this dramatic monstrosity arose among us and announced itself as a play. Cheap melodrama, comedy, farce, burlesque, and even song-and-dance business, banded together in some wild travesty on a coherent drama, arranged in acts and scenes, ensconced themselves in the Park Theatre, and turned a histrionic sepulchre into a place of merriment and mirth.

The critics rose in their might, and said it wasn't a drama at all. The people rose in their might and said: "We don't care a continental," and went to see it.

The public had asserted itself once before in this manner, on the occasion of the advent of "The Gilded Age," and the enraged critics ground their teeth in silence, and waited untill "Sandy Bar" came along, and then they took it out of the contumacious public.

In truth, these things were not plays. They were, at best, merely ill-constructed vehicles for the amusing gags of clever specialty actors.

Raymond, dramatized by himself, made tolerable a wild olio, which before long lost its identity in his, and is to-day better known by the name of "Colonel Sellers" than by its proper title.

"The Mighty Dollar" has never been anything more than an arena for the Florences to play circus in. Mr. Florence, under the guise of a realistic character-sketch, made himself as inconsistently and farcically funny as he knew how—and he displayed a profound and widely-diversified erudition in that particular line—and Mrs. Florence utterly wiped out the tiger-lilies of the field in the item of gorgeous raiment, and gave us Mrs. Malaprop with variations on the French dictionary. At this the groundlings laughed and the judicious snickered privately, and "The Mighty Dollar" shook its fist in the faces of the delicate creations of art at Wallack's and the Square, and stalked off from that fostering home of the American drama, the Park Theatre, to electrify the provincials from Kalamazoo to Cape Mendocino.

But its days of triumph were short. Local gags and ephemeral hits and the specialty business generally have been too much for it, and it comes back to us now, rather knock-kneed and consumptive, to bid us a last farewell. But it is difficult to associate the sadness of a farewell with the "Mighty Dollar." It is as funny and as outrageous as before. There is the same tireless humor of Florence, and the same illimitable wardrobe of his wife. There are, also, several members of the original cast—showing, of course, to very little advantage; indeed, it is nothing but the virile selfassertion and the extraordinary accent of Ferguson that keep him from being lost in the characterless crowd of Darts and Lemaitres and Weatherwaxes.

Willie Deutsch, need we say, is still at the helm.

But the end of the specialty plays is near at hand. The dust is thick on the manuscript of "Sandy Bar." The indefatigable Campbell, the snowy-bosomed Magnus, and a strange and mysterious gentleman whom the angels have named Molyneux St. John have made an attack on "The Gilded Age," and Raymond has had to discard it.

And now Florence has a quiverful of new plays for this season, and a wonderful rumor is going around that "The Mighty Dollar" has been sold to Messrs. Birch and Backus, to be used as a framework for a new and original entertainment.

Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.
BY FRANK BARRETT.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.)

CHAPTER XXI.

(Continued.)

"AND loves Mattie as he loved her before, he will surely follow her."

"No, he won't," said René resolutely. "If you will take care of your wife, I will take care of my cousin."

She was unusually excited, and impatient to set the machinery in motion for the good work her mind already saw completed.

When Mr. Gray returned she attacked him at once.

"I want a basket-shop," she said.

"Certainly," said Mr. Gray, with as much composure as if it were a matter of every-day occurrence to have basket-shops demanded of him by beautiful young clients.

"You can get me one?"

"Of course it is to be had."

"When?"

"There will be no difficulty in getting one in a few weeks or a —"

"Weeks! I want one this afternoon."

This knocked even the imperturbable solicitor off his legs. His chin fell, and his whole face was a note of exclamation.

"This afternoon—to-morrow at latest," continued René. "If I wanted one next year I should tell you next year. What is the use of delay? When you have settled what you want, why should you hesitate to obtain it? I know nothing of business, but it seems to me that I have seen something like advertisements in newspapers."

"Oh, it is quite possible to execute your wish."

"Then oblige me by executing it."

René looked as if she were surprised that he did not immediately fly off for a basket-shop, and he was more nervous under this treatment than he had felt ever before.

"You can take the cab. I will find my way to the hotel; there you will find me. I shall be anxious until I hear of your success. I will look at the newspapers myself; I might be able to assist you. That will expedite matters," she said to Tom, as Mr. Gray left. "Now I dare say we shall be able to get what we want in a week. If I had left it to him we might have waited whilst he wrote three hundred and sixty-five expensive letters."

Tom was frightened by René's rapidity, fearing that Mattie would be alarmed by the sudden control put upon her. Seeing this, René subdued her spirit, and spoke calmly of the advantages that must attend her project. Whilst she was speaking Tom raised his finger, listening.

"It is her step," he said.

Mattie entered the room quickly, and stopped for a moment, surprised to see René; but her surprise did not prevent her going to her husband, kissing him, and asking affectionately if he were better.

"Either he is mistaken altogether, or she is a deeper hypocrite than even I imagined," thought René.

She was yet more perplexed by the delight Mattie evinced as she heard of René's proposal.

"Then I shan't have to leave you a little bit, dear Tom," said she; "and we will arrange some part of the shop for you to make your baskets in, so that whilst we do our work we may talk to each other. I do really think it is through having no one here on a morning to talk to that you have lost heart lately. I do wish I

knew how to thank you fitly, Miss Biron, for giving me this happiness."

"It is a speculation of mine, Mattie, and if it succeeds I shall be sufficiently paid without thanks."

Mattie colored high and dropped her eyes under the steadfast searching gaze of René's. Few would not quail who thought one trying to read their inner secrets in that way. René could read little that was certain in Mattie's face, for truth and deception were mingled there; but it seemed to her that truth preponderated, and she began to regard Tom as the victim of his own credulity. She wished to verify her opinion, and presently she said:

"I have desired my agent to procure this shop at once; he may have taken it already, for my orders were immediate. So it will be well for you to prepare everything for removal. Of course you will be unable to return to your occupation."

"No, no," said Mattie, looking perplexed; and continued; "I must go and explain that to my employer."

"Yes, Mattie, that must be done at once," said René; and then, looking full into the wife's face, she added, "and I will go with you."

CHAPTER XXII.

FOLLOWED by René, Mattie descended to the street, bewildered by apprehension, and unable to avert disclosure of her secret. She felt sick and giddy, and held the door for support.

René looked into her ashen face, and asked remorselessly:

"Which way shall we go?"

Mattie caught her hand, and by a gesture implored silence, looking up the stairs as fearful of her husband overhearing.

René stopped a cab that was passing; and when they were seated, and the cabman was waiting for instructions, she once more asked:

"Where are we to go?"

"Anywhere," Mattie whispered, her whole frame quivering with emotion.

"The Russell Hotel," said René.

The cabman looked from the girl on the front seat, cowering and nerveless, to her on the back, erect, glittering like a beautiful pythoness waiting to strike, and mounted his box with just so little of pity for the weak as to feel that he "would not be in her shoes for an annuity."

Neither spoke until they were in René's apartment at the hotel, then René said:

"This agitation means that you have deceived your husband, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Mattie faintly, bowing her head.

"There is only one sin you could be tempted to commit, only one crime that a husband cannot forgive."

"Crime!" exclaimed the wife.

"Under the pretence of minding a shop for a friend you have gone day after day to whom?"

"To—to Mr. Biron."

"Your former lover—the man for whom you jilted Tom Reynolds before he was your husband?"

Mattie strained her twined fingers, and was speechless.

"Does this young man know you are married, or have you deceived him as well as your husband?"

"He knows that I am married."

"Then his principles are not greatly in advance of yours. And when do you propose leaving your husband?"

Mattie looked at her interrogator in dumb bewilderment.

"I ask, when do you intend forsaking your husband entirely?"

"I do not mean to leave him."

"Mr. Biron has not asked you to do so?"

"Never!" said Mattie, eagerly.

"That is a sufficient good reason for not leaving your husband, isn't it? Besides, it must be pleasant to you to have the love of an honest man as well as a puppy's; and I daresay it flatters your vanity to see how much a good heart can suffer for you."

"Who suffers for me?"

"Your husband. You are not such a fool but that you can see by his unhappiness that he detects the falling off in your love. You could not, if you wished, hide from that loving soul your alienation. O you wicked, wicked little idiot! To think that you should come from that man who is no better than yourself—who liked you for a month, forgot you in a week—and dare to caress that great-souled man you are wronging! Do you ever think where, but for your husband, you would be now? Have you ever felt regret for the pain he endured in saving your body from the flames? Do you ever feel how much he lost, and how little he gained, by his love for you?"

"Oh, yes, yes! My God, what have I done? No wrong willfully. I love none but my dear, dear husband."

"Was it your love for him that made you do a thing which you know would give him pain to discover?"

"Yes," answered Mattie, boldly. "Do you think I would risk giving him pain but that I thought to make him happy?"

René laughed; but Mattie continued earnestly:

"He was troubled because he could not earn sufficient to pay for our support; and when this engagement was offered me, I saw no harm in accepting it, knowing that I loved only my husband."

"Did you feel you were doing no wrong in concealing this from your husband?"

Mattie did not answer.

"You felt that even he, so generous and trusting, could not believe in the purity of your intentions?"

"That is what I felt."

"Then how do you expect to persuade me?"

"I do not wish to persuade you. I care not what all the world thinks, so that my poor husband shall not think ill of me."

"In other words, you do not wish to be sent back to your father, or cast upon the charity of Mr. Biron; and you would like to stay with your husband, he being kinder than others to you."

Mattie was too numbed to feel the whip. She bent her head silently. Thinking her indifference mere callousness, René whipped harder. She was prejudiced and unjust. She had prepared herself to find deceit, and saw nothing else. The purest flower may be trodden under foot for a vile weed if our sight be short, and we start with the belief that the clay can bear no sweet thing. René lost her judgment, together with the control of her temper; and feminine spite getting the better of her, she knew no mercy until she was exhausted. Then she said, in calmer accents:

"Tell me what has taken place between you and my cousin."

"I have sat before him in different costumes, for which he has paid me."

"Is that all?"

Mattie looked at the girl before her for a few moments. Her lips moved; and then, covering her face with her hands, she began to cry plaintively.

"To think that you, who are so kind, should think so ill of me! Oh, how shall I bear it if my husband takes your bitter thoughts into his heart!" she sobbed; and then, suddenly throwing herself upon her knees, she cried passionately: "Oh, scold me, beat me, punish me how you will, for I have been a wicked cruel girl; but spare my poor husband. It is not for myself I cry. I will not say a word to shield myself,

though your cruel suspicions tear my heart. Oh, I will do anything you ask me if only you will keep my secret, and tell my husband nothing of your opinions. You do not know how he loves me."

"I do."

"Then you will think how he would suffer if he believed me a worthless girl. If he only suspects that my love has lessened, his unhappiness will soon be removed. He shall see how truly I love him. I will never leave his side. God knows it was no light desire that took me away. I did all for the best."

"Badly."

"I have been a silly girl."

"Silliness is wickedness when it trifles with hearts. You have been silly before; you cried and repented, and were forgiven. The same things are repeating now, and may be repeated again, if you think forgiveness is as easily to be obtained. What assurance can you give that these protestations will not be forgotten, that you will not again stoop to folly?"

"I will do nothing I dare not tell my husband. I can promise no more; but you shall see that I am a good wife, and that you have been unjust in your suspicions."

"Ah, well, I shall be glad to find I owe you an apology. Now return to your husband—tell him you have terminated your engagement: he will ask no questions."

"But," Mattie hesitated, "if I do not tell Mr. Biron he may seek me at my home."

Suspicion flashed in René's eyes again.

"Tell me where he lives," she said.

"30 Charlot Street."

"What time do you get there?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"And how long do you sit in one position?"

"Two hours."

"Two hours! *Mon Dieu!* I will tell my cousin what has happened. You may go."

Later in the day an embassy came from Lincoln's Inn with a list of basket-shops.

"Now I want these people—Reynolds and his wife—to feel independent in this business, and free from obligation," René explained. "I would like them rather to think that I am making a profit at their expense. Now, how will you do that?"

"By making them pay a heavy percentage for money advanced without security. Of course the shop must be stocked."

"Yes. But you must fix the percentage at such a rate that they can pay it by doing a reasonable amount of work."

"Certainly."

"And if you find that the business is not sufficient to meet the requirements, it must be increased in a fictitious way. Some one must be paid to buy baskets of them without letting them know for what purpose."

"I understand your meaning."

"Now take this list to them, and let them choose which they like. You will tell them the condition upon which I advance money, but in such a manner that they shall not be frightened into rejecting the proposal."

The man of business recapitulated René's commands, took up his hat, received his *congé*, and withdrew.

After dinner René reviewed her wardrobe. She had brought but few dresses with her, and they were plain. At all times the simplicity of her toilette was an affectation in the regard of those who knew her wealth less than her artistic taste. In reality this simplicity was the result of a nice appreciation of her own beauty. Her dress was a compliment to Nature and herself. The closely-fitting soft material followed the beautiful lines of her pliant figure, and the graceful curves were unbroken by artificial contrivances. She would not suffer ornament to

detract from the grace of her person; it was only permitted where it harmonized, or suggested by contrast.

She laid out the costume most suitable to her purpose, and then turned to her bonnets. Those elaborate constructions betrayed the position of the possessor. She shook her head at them. "Even a man might see how much they cost," said she. She took her maid and walked through the streets, until she arrived at a milliner's shop, with a hat in the window marked "Five-and-sixpence." The tall young lady, with her maid following humbly in the wake, sailed into the shop like a queen, passed the row of customers waiting humbly upon chairs to be served, and addressed herself to the commercial monarch, who, in an easy attitude of complacent superiority, was surveying his possessions.

"I want the bonnet in your window marked five-and-sixpence."

"Certainly, madame, certainly. Take a chair, madame."

The man had never seen such a hat as René's in his shop before. He had not served a customer, it was his boast, for three years; but he rushed off at once to do the bidding of such a customer wearing such a bonnet.

"This is the article, madame," said he; "but allow me to observe that we have others more suitable, madame."

"Do you think so?" said René, with a smile that closed the argument.

Her maid took the bonnet, and René having paid her money inclined her head, and left the shop as superbly as she had entered it. No one else could have got served in the time; no one else could have been served by the principal of that establishment; no one else would have been allowed to take that bonnet away for five-and-sixpence. And all this she effected by her imperial presence and her beauty, which she knew and made others recognize.

The following morning she left her hotel in the five-and-sixpenny trophy and the dress she had set aside for this purpose, wearing above it a waterproof cloak that buttoned to her feet. The morning was fresh and fine; she walked briskly, enjoying the exercise and the enterprise before her. Amongst the crowd hurrying to their work, this lithe tall girl, moving as though she walked upon waves, looking in the face like a delicately-carved marble flushed with warm blood that mantled in her cheek, animated by divine passions that glittered in her eyes, was one not to be unnoticed. Boys of fifteen and men of fifty turned to look after her with admiration.

In Charlot Street she knocked at No. 30, and asking for Mr. Hugh Biron, was begged to walk up-stairs to his studio.

(To be continued.)



Puck's Exchanges.

BETTER to have loved a shorter girl than never to have loved a tall.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A CRUEL exchange wants to know of our inventor Keely "if his motor knows he's out."—*Phila. Bulletin*.

"INQUIRER" is informed that the milk-punch is not an article used to detect dishonest milkmen.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

A MINNESOTA poet tunes his sounding lyre to harvest notes and sings:

There's music in the sigh of the wind
There's grace in the waving grain;
Broad acres atint with the Day God's gold,
In their ripening oriflamme.

Now, why couldn't he go right on, without racking his brain for new rhymes, and sing:

Ready the reaper stands; he lists
To the thresher's clattering hum;
And he waves aloft in his brawny fists
The harvest's oriflum.

Here and there in the reckless world
Stocks go up and stocks go down,
But care from his happy heart is hurled
By the sight of the orifloun.

And when at eve, at the set of the sun,
Swiftly he hastens to his home;
His day is spent, his work is done,
And he has no use for an oriflome.

— *Hawkeye*.

OBSERVATIONS FROM EASTON.

— The wages of sin have not been affected by the late strikes.

— Doesn't the manner in which Russia is walloping Turkey kind of remind you of the way in which we crushed the rebellion during the first year?

— The people who rejoiced over the "fine growing showers" of the early part of the week, admit a conviction that this thing is getting monotonous.

— The political candidate now makes a pump-handle of your right arm, and exhibits a kindly interest in the welfare of "your folks."

— Would it not be well to have a day of thanksgiving in recognition of the fact that plaid and striped hosiery for ladies has gone out?

THE "No Name" series—Foundlings.—*Norristown Herald*.

LITTLE things should not be despised. The little toe is the smallest on the foot, but it always has the largest corn.—*Oil City Call*.

THE belief that one United States soldier is equal to twenty-seven Indians in a fight, is gradually losing ground.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

It has been noticed that President Hayes takes particular pains to select bald-headed men to serve on the Sitting Bull Commission.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

WHY don't Beecher and Tilton shake hands across the bloody chasm? They are both missing lots of newspaper advertising.—*Philadelphia Evening Chronicle*.

CINCINNATI is desirous of being called the Paris of America. It claims to have the most beautiful porks of any American city.—*Philadelphia Evening Times*.

A MAN of three score and ten is borne down by the "weight of years;" and an old maid of thirty-five may be born by the wait of years, too.—*Norristown Herald*.

MERCHANTS should now mark their barrels of flour one dollar higher—there is a rumor that a Turkish prisoner has escaped from the Russians.—*Rhinebeck Gazette*.

BURLINGTON man to fruiterer: "Give me twenty-five cents worth of grapes." Fruiterer, in amazement: "We don't cut our grapes; you'll have to take a whole one."—*Burlington Fiend*.

HARPER & BROS. have in press "A Very Old Question." It is not stated whether the question is "Who struck Billy Patterson?" or "Who was the Man in the Iron Mask?"—*Norristown Herald*.

ALEXIS has been presented with a sword for bravery. The full list of the battles in which he was engaged will be engraved on the point of the weapon.—*Boston Globe*.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher in Albion, N. Y., asked her class the question, "What did Simon say?" "Thumbs up!" answered the children in chorus.—*Unknown Funny Man*.

SIX men paid their subscriptions yesterday, because they contemplated being candidates for office this fall. We wish all our subscribers were to be candidates.—*Whitehall Times*.

AN improved fishing-rod will "dress" fish as well as pull them out. But what the rod needs is an attachment to do all the swearing when the fish won't bite.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE result of old habits is conspicuously seen when a journalist turns grocer, and informs the public the first thing, that he does not intend to give credit.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

THE mills of the gods grind slowly, but the grist is sure. One of America's chromo artists has been inveigled into a position in the Turkish army. Of course, it is only one, but that's something.—*Danbury News*.

It makes a boy heart-sick as the winter's wood begins to loom up in steadily growing piles in the back-yard, and he sees his mother making preparations for organizing him into a "workingman's party."—*Hawkeye*.

GEN. HOWARD is so exasperated, and the military fever in his army burns so high, that he says if he were to meet Chief Joseph now, he would be half tempted to shoot at him.—*Burdette*.

STRIPED stockings are going out of style, and the Sunday school picnic will no more be electrified by a brilliant display of the northern lights every time a girl falls out of the swing.—*Hawkeye*.

ACCORDING to the Sumter *Republican*, a South Carolina colored debating society has been considering the question: "Which is the most beneficial to the country, the lawyer or the buzzard?"

"COME right in heah, 'Gustus Lysander—playin' wi' dat low trash! Come in heah, an' keep the flies ofn yo' granfader! Yo'll never be a Flipper, chile, ef you don't.—*New Orleans Times*.

THE Richings Opera Troupe gave "Fra Diavolo" at Cheyenne the other night. The "boys" thought it fine, and the local paper alluded to the robbers as "road agents."—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

IF William Penn had known what a bother it is to get Philadelphia and anything along with it into the head-line, he would, in the goodness of his heart, have selected a shorter name.—*Philadelphia Press*.

A DELIRIOUS youth went into a New York police station and requested the officers to shoot him. They refused, but if he had asked to be clubbed to death they would have accommodated him.—*Phila. Evening Chronicle*.

THE only way to tell the jurist and the horse apart, when they are mentioned in print, is to remember that the horse is invariably referred to as "Judge Fullerton," whilst the jurist is always called "Old Fullerton."—*Bob. B. Hawkeye*.

A NUMBER of Utica girls recently "horned" a newly-married couple, and in due course of time were arrested and taken into court. The punishment, it strikes us, was altogether too severe for the offense, for the Judge dismissed them with the contemptuous remark that "they laced so tight they couldn't half blow a mouth-organ."—*Rochester Chronicle*.

JOHNNY lost his knife. After searching in one pocket and another until he had been through all, without success, he exclaimed: "Oh dear! I wish I had another pocket, it might be in that."—*Portchester Journal*.

1st newsboy—"Here's your great fire, only two cents!"

2d newsboy (who sells five-cent papers)—"Who wants a little two-cent fire? Here's your fire for five cents!"—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

IT is claimed that an Albany lady, aged 58 years, recently gave birth to a ten-pound boy. Pshaw, that's nothing, a lady of 67 years, on a Lake Champlain steamboat, recently gave berth to a lady eighty years of age.—*Variation on the Whitehall Times*.

THE fact that "missionary steaks" appear as an entrée on the Sandwich Islander's bill of fare will probably induce the majority of Christian workers to steer clear of that vicinity. But it won't prevent them from creeping in upon us Saturday nights and remaining to preach Sunday, and take up a collection after the services, for the benefit of the heathen.—*Fulton Times*.

A CONTEMPORARY, in an elaborate article, tells "How to Improve the Tramps." But as nothing is said about burying them under five feet of earth, the writer doesn't appear to grasp his subject with sufficient vigor, and argue from the proper standpoint.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE heaviest man at the Waterbury clam-bake weighed 399 pounds—after the feast. His usual weight is 375 pounds, and his friends wanted him to eat just one more pound of clams, and pull the beam at even 400; but he said he was not going to make a life insurance company of himself.—*Norristown Herald*.

IT may be a too fanciful reflection, but it strikes us that the undertaker, when he gets to heaven himself, must be received rather coolly, as it were, by the assembled company.—PUCK. Should he go to the other place, his reception will be warm enough—by a large majority.—*Norristown Herald*.

A SAW fifty-four feet long and eight inches wide has just been turned out at the Beaver Falls Steel Works. But that is not half as large as the saw reported by a western man a few days ago. "He says he saw" a sea-serpent that was over one hundred and fifty feet in length, with a head twice as large as that of a horse.—*Norristown Herald*.

A MAN named McNeely was severely stabbed by a youth named Lindsay, for throwing kisses in church at his (Lindsay's) sister. McNeely merited his punishment. He acted very unrightly in throwing kisses at a young lady in church. He should have stood at the door and handed them to her as she came out.—*Norristown Herald*.

A LABORER at work in a Danbury yard hung his coat on a post. During the day some one, in throwing a dish of water from a window, unintentionally dropped the contents on the garment. When the man went to get it, on quitting work, he perceived its condition, and in some consternation exclaimed: "Howly murder! 'f the coat wasn't a-thinkin' it was on my back all the time, an' went to sweatin' widout knowin' the chate."—*Danbury News*.

SOME people have a peculiarly happy faculty of looking on the bright side of things. It is a comfort to themselves and to those about them, and so very desirable. But it is a faculty most difficult to acquire, and few there be who possess it. One of Danbury's sons favored in this respect recently borrowed an axe of a neighbor. While using it in the repair of his well-curb it slipped from his hands and went straight to the bottom of a very deep well. In explaining the loss to the owner he cheerfully observed:

"It is bad, of course, but it can't be helped, and we must make the best of it. It don't pay to worry over what can't be helped. We must look on the bright side of everything. Besides, it wasn't much of an axe, anyway."—*Danbury News*.

BOSTON policemen no longer carry clubs. When they want to arrest a rioter, they arrest his attention by a sad, sweet smile, and say:

"Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
Either be patient and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous voice of outraged law,
Here will I apprehend thee, and immure
Thy lawless carcass in the sullen walls."

Burlington Hawkeye.

"DID you see de 'clipse?" said an elderly darkey to a brother son of Afric's climes the other night, by the town pump. "Dere's gwine to be famine, shuah!" he added. His companion seemed wrapped in thought a minute, when he ejaculated hopelessly, "How's a man gwine to lib in a famine on seventy-five cents a day, and men cartin' off dere own ashes?" "Go way!" said his friend, "it's only the unjust who'll catch it—dese free libbers who don't do nuffin but swell 'round in de day times and spend other folks' money. De Lord ain't gwine to let us pious niggas suffer."—*New Haven Journal*.

THERE is a wicked story told in the House of Commons about an honorable member who is connected with the whaling trade, but who, when he comes south, so far yields to the influences of civilization that he may frequently be met dining out. The other night he was observed religiously to separate the green fat of the turtle from the liquid of the soup. His neighbor said to him, "Don't you eat the fat?" "Nae, nae," he replied, "it's nae that. It's the blubber that's nae boiled enough."—*London Mayfair*.

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"The wise daughter is the pride of her father, yea, her mother also doth delight in her; but the foolish maiden bringeth sorrow." She bangeth her hair over her right eye; she tip-peth her hat on the back of her head. When evening cometh she walketh on the broad street, and with her left eye she glanceth at the patient youth who cougheth on the curbstone and wipeth his nose with a red bandana. Her handkerchief also is seen. Then the youth smileth to himself and followeth in her footsteps. She setteth a snare and scoopeth the wayfarer in. Selah! — *Newark Call.*

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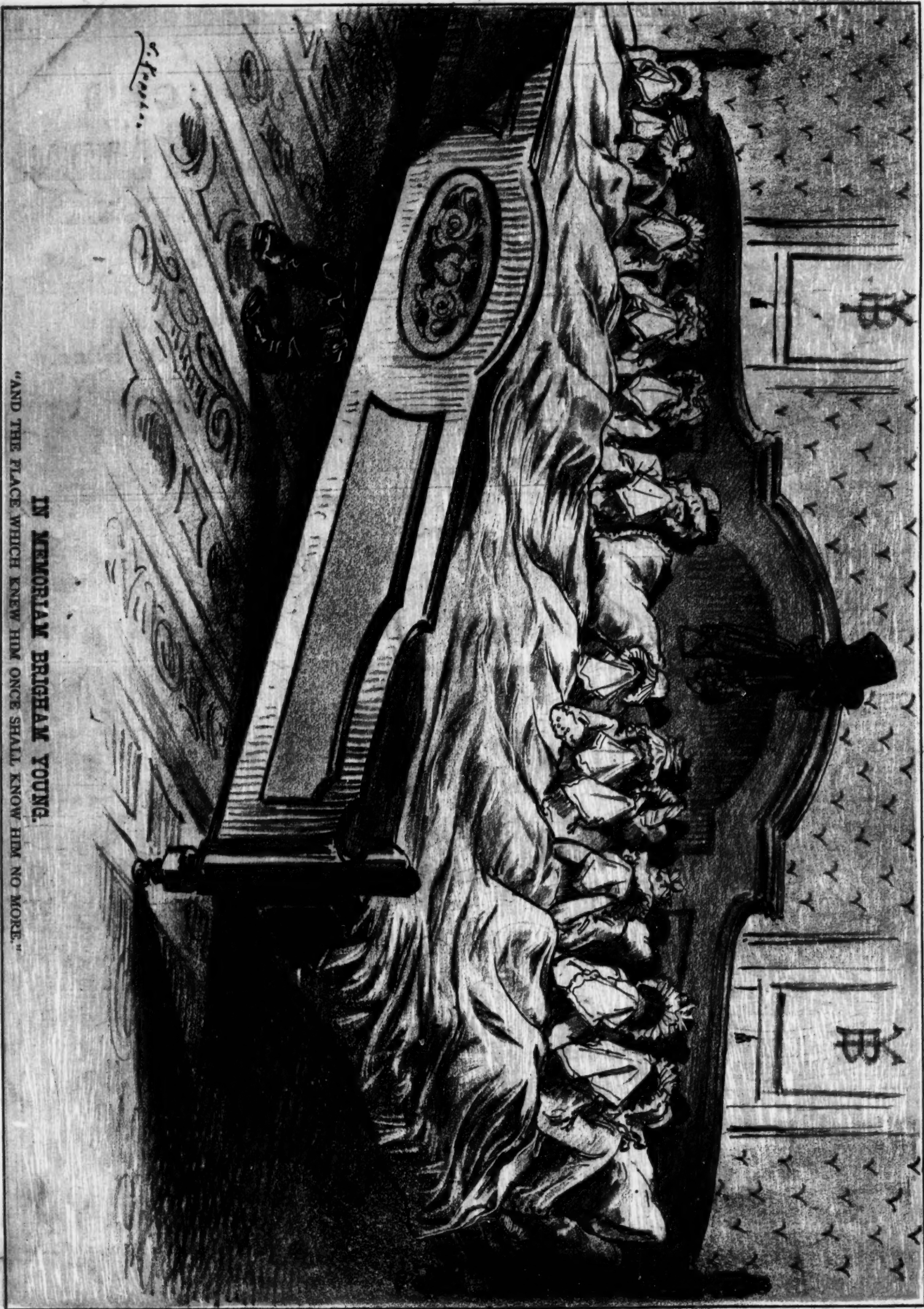
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